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XX

A  
CANDID NARRATIVE  
OF SOME  
OCCURRENCES,

Which accidentally, or occasionally fell out, between

Two very Conspicuous GENTLEMEN,  
And MARCUS SINCERUS.

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OF SOME  
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Which accidentally, or occasionally fell out, between

Two very conspicuous Gentlemen,

A N D

MARCUS SINCERUS.

Fairly stated in Two LETTERS to the said Gentlemen;

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN

A P P E N D I X,

Pointing out Instances of Similitude between the  
Conduct of DAVID and that of NABAL, regard-  
ing one another,

And that of MARCUS and these two GENTLEMEN,  
respecting each other.

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for the AUTHOR, in the Year MDCCLXXIV.

CANDID NARRATIVE

OF SOME

OCCURRENCES,

Which accidentally or otherwise fell out between

Two very conspicuous Gentlemen,

AND

MARCUS SINCERUS.

Withy added, the LETTERS to the said Gentlemen,

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN

APPENDIX,

Forming one instance of Similitude between the  
Conduct of David and that of NABAL, regard-  
ing one another.

And that of Marcus and these two GENTLEMEN,  
respecting each other.



LONDON:  
Printed for the Author, in the Year MDCCCLXXIV.





## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE two following Letters, one dated November 5, 1772, the other September 24, 1773, were wrote and sent in manuscript by the Author, who thought he had just reason to think himself treated with great disingenuity, by persons he imagined incapable thereof, after signal favours done both for their father and themselves; without ever accepting the least gratuity of any sort whatsoever.

Their father always behaved in a civil respectful manner, but their's has been the direct contrary thereto, the most offensive imaginable, unless whenever they meet with civil respect, they should return a slap in the face or a tug by the nose.

When he has passed them in the street and spake civil and respectfully to them (their backsides which were turned upon him with a glout and a chuff look) he smiles, and with calm indifference passes on with only "your servant sir, or good-morrow sir:" sometimes this sort of demeanour has brought into his mind keen satyrick remarks, but he suffered them not to approach his lips;

He only smiles and gives them charge,  
That they do not break out at large;  
Let Nabal quietly pass on,  
Till morbick gall be spent and gone.

A

Is

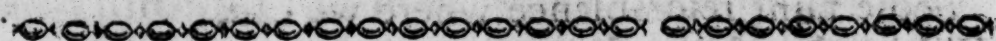
*Is it not surprizing that men who would pass for gentlemen, should from year to year behave thus like churlish Nabals? and Marcus not able by any means to draw from them the least intimation, what should procure him such indications of their high displeasure!*

*Sometimes when I reflect and review things past, I cannot avoid such thoughts as those; may not R. P. and I. B. esqrs. and other gentlemen also fall under the displeasure of these mighty men as well as me? For they like me were ready to appear and do them signal service in a dangerous and critical time, when matters seemed come to a crisis.*

*Sure they can never treat them with as little regard and as manifest disrespect as they have Marcus. I imagine every person of probity that duly considers what here lieth before them, will believe me when I say that it is with disagreeable and painful reluctance that I say thus much in the face of the world; to men I could ever think worthy of my regard and esteem.— Have I been rash or disingenuous in shewing resentment? is not six years time enough for deliberation? or is it conceivable, that a rational being would run such risks, and do such things as are here held forth; yet with no more exalted views than to answer the very worst of purposes? even to encourage men to divest themselves of humanity, and act a part utterly unworthy of the human species.*

Do not some weak men seem to think  
That all nature was made for them,  
But they! made for themselves alone.





A C A N D I D  
N A R R A T I V E  
O F S O M E  
O C C U R R E N C E S.  
S E C T. I.

**M**ARCUS Sincerus took delight,  
In searching to find what was right,  
Advised with Christ and many sages,  
In distant climes as well as ages;

And this at last was the result

Of most assiduous consult;

Concludes the human species shou'd,

Embrace occasions to do good;

And manifest by actions kind

Beneficence dwells in the mind;

What for this friend or to that man?

Yea unto all where e'er we can;

And when we find good may be done

Let not the season useless run,

Chearful embrace propitious hour

To do good when God gives the power;

Must not this shew propriety

Of action when the Deity,

Sheddeth his blessings upon all,

The good and bad both great and small:

Then where can we such sampler find

As God himself is to mankind?

'Tis said we once God's image were

And is it now not worth our care?

Some

Some faint resemblance where we can,  
 Will be the glory of a man;  
 Be the resemblance e'er so small,  
 'Tis answering the heavenly call;

Would men use reason God has given,  
 This globe would much resemble heaven;  
 For men wou'd then be sure to do  
 Just as they wish to be done to;

Might not this fill each single breast  
 With springs of joy and cheer the rest.  
 Yielding a constant pure delight,  
 Because these things are strictly right,  
 And therefore pleasing in God's sight.

Were these the thoughts of sudden start?  
 Nay long were ponder'd in the heart,  
 And thus became the fixed bent  
 Of mind, which made it permanent;

And were with pleasure put in use,  
 Yet in return oft found abuse!  
 Instance hereof might be found plenty,  
 But two or three are good as twenty;

One I shall now address to you,  
 Because you know prime part is true;  
 This evidence within your breast  
 Calls for attention to the rest:

But if attend or if refuse,  
 Facts alter not just as men chuse;  
 And I determined at last  
 Here to recall some few things past.

## S E C T. II.

**I**T fell out on or about the 22d. of *August*, 1768,  
 that *Marcus* being at *Nottingham*, Mr. *J. F.*  
 attorney-at-law, seeing him, desired him to take a  
 small



small parcel for him in his bags to Leicester, Marcus said, sir I have no bags, I walk it, and if I can take it in my pocket or in my box by the waggon, I shall do it with pleasure.

Mr. F. said it is but a small parcel sir, but it is upon an urgency that will not admit of delay, or I would not desire to trouble you with it.

Marcus returned, sir, you need make no apology, I shall account it rather a pleasure than trouble, to take the best care of it that I can.

Mr. F. soon came again, and taking Marcus a little aside from company, gave him a letter and two small square parcels done up in strong brown paper, well bound round every way with twine or large hard twisted packthread, and sealed up directed for Messrs. W. and N. S—p—n in Leicester, telling him they were two hundred pounds in cash, one hundred pounds in each parcel: he spoke with a low voice, but it startled Marcus, who wished they had been somewhat farther out of hearing, being in a little open passage between two rooms, with company drinking in each; it brought to his mind an occurrence somewhat similar, that happened to him some few years ago; however, hoping that no person might attend so as to overhear, he made no words lest it might call attention. He did not care to venture it in his box well nigh empty, but thought it might be safer in his pockets; but when he had walked some way with them, he found that the thickness of parcels and hardness of cords, especially at linkings and tyings, made impressions upon his thighs, and the constant motions and working of the muscles while the parcels pressed hard upon them, gave great pain within, as well as raised blisters, and galled the thighs

thighs without; and e'er he had walked few miles he said,

Eye on this heavy shining ore,  
It makes my thighs both hot and fore,  
Then try'd to change the situation,  
But no place gained approbation;  
So they returned back again  
Poor thighs must still abide the pain.

### S E C T. III.

**W**HEN he had reached the seven mile stone near Bunny (the place where blazy-face and blindfold surprized him before) a man in sort of shabby genteel plight came up with him, accosting him, "How far this road brother traveller?"

Marcus reply'd, to Leicester, sir; they entered into conversation, and the stranger enquired about the road, &c. which Marcus soon perceived he knew as well as himself, nor was he fond of his company, the same person in the same dress drinking in the house when he was called aside and received these parcels: however, whatever conjectures came into his mind, he thought adviseable, to be quite chearful and seem pleased with his company.

When they came to Houghton, the stranger proposed to go by Prestwold as the better road;

Marcus agreed as to the advantage of the road, but said it did not suit him now, as he was to call at Loughborough, and Roadley House, where he expected to receive a little money: he did this to obviate all suspicion that he apprehended any danger, and to delay his enterprize till he was sure of something in case he had any design;

When



When at a stone he chanc'd to trip,  
 It made him frown and bite his lip,  
 Perhaps some paces he went lame,  
 And rheumatism bore the blame;  
 Had he complain'd of galled thighs,  
 It might have pointed out the prize:

When variegated pebbles lay,  
 He shew'd their beauties by the way;  
 Then careless cast them in the ditch  
 Because the colours were not rich:

Thought he, could I your purpose sound,  
 Thus might slip off a hundred pound;  
 He ruminated all the way  
 How to prevent him of his prey,  
 And introduced the Abby road,  
 For evening tide to his abode;  
 Concluding it needless to tell  
 Him that this road might suit him well;  
 Not doubting he might see it clear,  
 As if this instant they were there.

#### S E C T. IV.

**I**T was showery, and when they came to Cotes  
 Bridges it rained downright, the stranger being  
 first pushed on, and Marcus pushed under a tree  
 where he stood dry sometime, pondering what was  
 best to be done; when casting his eye into a hollow  
 tree, he said, suppose I put it in here till another  
 day? and putting his hand in, took out some fine  
 mold, and to divert himself while he stood dry,  
 began rhyming.

See here what fine rich willow mold!  
 This better carriage far than gold;  
 The softness will abate my pain,  
 May soon bring on the skin again;

Suppose

Suppose I let these change their places?  
 How may my flowers change their faces,  
 Gold is not good for vegetation,  
 Tho' idolized in this nation:

Mynheer the Burgomaster knew  
 Value of Gold and flowers roo;  
 And the wise man as I was told,  
 Prefer'd the tulip to the gold.

Fifty pound sterling for one root!  
 'Twas a choice one without dispute;  
 Some sordid wretch may call it waste,  
 But Mynheer was a man of taste:

Who knows but he may weigh his gold  
 Out in exchange for such rich mold?  
 Then with the gold I may procure  
 Choicest of roots that's to be sure;

Such roots and mold out of this tree,  
 Who will presume to shew with me?  
 Query occurs immediately,  
 Suppose some florist passing by

Shall put his hand in here for mold?  
 And fall upon your hidden gold?  
 This may turn out a dang'rous case,  
 And bring you into strange disgrace;

Here gold himself makes this address,  
 I should be heard you can't do less:  
 Gay flowers may please the nose and eyes,  
 But gold supporteth families:

A wise man always doth or shou'd,  
 Give preference to substantial good;  
 Whether his own or others are,  
 A generous man makes this his care.



Mateus heard whisper say be wise,  
 Take counsel and consult poor thighs;  
 For if they do not you befriend,  
 You fall at Dropshort in the end.

Well thighs let's have your best advice,  
 Speak to the point but be concise,  
 We must determine in a trice.

Now we are call'd into this case,  
 We chearfully the same embrace,  
 Trusting you mean to us some grace;  
 You've known us long faithful and true,  
 In time of need ne'er flinched you;

But this pernicious dang'rous ore,  
 Brings tortures we ne'er felt before;  
 O sad excruciating pain!  
 Shall we be ever well again?

And thus you tease us and yourself  
 In taking care of others pelf;  
 And at same time is it not known,  
 But for it out your brains are blown?

The gold itself doth much perplex you,  
 But loss of brains how that may vex you!  
 More might be said but for our part,  
 We leave it all to trusty heart.

Well honest heart, pray what say you?  
 Oh to your trust be always true;  
 As for poor thighs 'tis their hard fate,  
 To give good counsel when too late;

'Tis quite too late counsel to ask,  
 When you have undertook the task;  
 Your business now is fortitude,  
 Since you the trust cannot elude;

As to this sharp tormenting pain,  
 Perhaps may wear soon off again ;  
 And be you wet from foot to head,  
 You soon may get to a warm bed ;  
 And your companion aught you know  
 May be a friend instead of a foe :

Beside at present he is gone,  
 And if he do join you anon,  
 Cajole him on to Roadly-House ;  
 Then as before the rogue you chouse ;

Rest there till night, and danger's flown,  
 Let him go Abby road alone.

Says Marcus, heart thine's good advice ;  
 Poor thighs be you the sacrifice,  
 Exert yourselves a little while,  
 'Tis but for six or seven mile ;  
 Then such like troubles shall give o'er,  
 Marcus will vex you so no more.

#### S E C T. V.

**H**ERE one thing added to his care,  
 If I am robb'd, what can I swear ?  
 Paper and packthread,---all I saw !  
 What evidence is this in law ?

Methinks the Lawyer should been wise  
 Enough to made use of my eyes,  
 As did the Banker once before,  
 When he commits to me his store ;

Which I by management defended,  
 While thief well mounted, me attended ;  
 Sometimes before, anon behind,  
 When in lost place moved like the wind :

He schemed to manage mighty wise,  
 But seeing through his foul disguise ;  
 I still contriv'd to be at distance,  
 That we might not come to resistance.



My well devised honest scheme,  
 Turn'd his roguery to a dream ;  
 He little thought 'twas the last stage,  
 That we in riding should engage :  
 When Mrs. Hunt stood wond'ring who  
 Came riding fast as if they flew,  
 Cry'd out, when I came to the door,  
 I ne'er saw you ride so before !

Said I to gain a minute or two,  
 Just to enquire how you do ?  
 But here I gentle pace begin,  
 That we may not go sweating in.

The hood-wink thief look'd very sly,  
 As he this instant pass'd by,  
 Oh, ho, good night to you thought I.  
 I did not long on horseback stay,  
 But let him get out of my way.

Then un-observ'd took to a tree,  
 From whence I all his movements see ;  
 He skulk'd about to see me come,  
 'Till I might fairly been at home ;

At length the evening grew so dark,  
 I could not see the lurking spark ;  
 Then I return'd to Hunt's with pleasure,  
 Where I had left the bag of treasure.

But now alas ! here I have got,  
 A seal'd up something, know not what !  
 Was told it was two hundred pounds,  
 If mine, should soon be under ground.

There safe might lie while I am gone,  
 Cheerful though painful trudging on ;  
 Then if a thief should go about  
 To rob me, I can soon turn out,

My needles; thimble silver brads;  
 Here is my treasure, for alas!  
 As for that plague of plagues call'd gold,  
 So big with mischief I am told,  
 And such disorders doth create,  
 I hate it with a vehement hate:  
 Then pockets turn, cloaths open wide,  
 Pray search me round on every side,  
 And whatsoever gold you find,  
 To take it all pray be so kind,  
 That it may not perplex my mind.  
 But the declared urgency,  
 Resounds still on my memory:  
 How can I guess what it may be?  
 Others concerns I cannot see;  
 Well then come on whatever will,  
 I will exert my utmost skill,  
 To keep it moving homeward still

## S E C T. VI.

**A** Furious storm now coming on  
 Marcus had warning to be gone;  
 The wind and clouds like thunder roar,  
 I never met the like before:

Deluging floods came pouring down,  
 The road turn'd river to the town;  
 Strong wind and hail full in my face,  
 That I was oft forc'd out of place.

When Marcus came to Farrow's House,  
 He looked like any drowned mouse,  
 Borrowed cloaths, his own were dry'd,  
 And he sat snug at fire side.

Brandy and water instant got,  
 And presently a dinner hot;  
 Here soon the transports they arrive  
 From different gaols all safe alive;



Oaths, execrations, rattling chains!

In truth these gave me feeling pains.

And lo! my comrade doth appear,

Shook hands and treated him with beer;

Wou'd this remove Marcus from fear?

I guess'd he nigh at hand had been,

To watch when I came dropping in :

Soon I accosted my new friend,

For to seem shoy answer'd no end ;

So now set forward on our way,

Still Abby road for evening lay :

But when to Roadly House we came,

After refreshment I grew lame ;

Since rheumatism owes me spite,

Farther I will not go to night :

For here I am as if at home,

So will not go whatever come.

To me 'twas easy to be seen,

He felt a galling shag'reen ;

Joy sat triumphant in my eyes,

Thinking how safe I had the prize !

I even joked with poor thighs.

As I lay pond'ring in my bed,

Fine dreams and schemes my fancy fed :

Taking a circuit to the west,

Might bring me safe to my own nest :

Next morn a file of musqueteers,

Fairly remov'd all my fears ;

Hearing one say, O sadly dry,

I made them drink as they passed by ;

Then on with them I chearful came,

Strove to forget that I was lame,

And was was as lightesome, blithe and gay,

As milk-maid on her wedding day.

Marcus being arrived at home with the hidden treasure (as he supposed) safe in his custody hastes away in high spirits to deliver it as directed, and sending the letter by the servant. Messrs. soon came out of another apartment to him.

Marcus, well pleas'd with his success,  
Thus jocundly doth them address :

### S E C T. VII.

S I R S,

“ **Y**OU may please to understand,  
“ I had something put in my hand,  
“ Which did retard me on the road,  
“ Tho' not a very heavy load ;  
“ Yet 'twas most incommodious stuff,  
“ And proved troublesome enough” [†]  
“ In this, it did my time delay,  
“ And kept me long upon the way,  
“ In a very show'ry day ;  
“ So I pushed under willow tree,  
“ In which some fine rich mold I see,  
“ For vegetation this same mold,  
“ Said I, exceeds a ton of gold.”  
“ For this may make my flowers thrive,  
“ While gold will not keep them alive : ”  
“ Then if I let these change their places,  
“ May make my flowers change their faces.”  
Now Monsieur's gloomy lofty looks  
Shew'd that he was quite off the hooks ;

With

---

[†] Here one began to look stern and gloomy at the other.



- “ With frowning brows and angry eyes,  
“ What have you done with it he cries !”  
Marcus returned with a smile,  
“ Have patience Sir a little while,”  
“ I’m not got home by some few mile ;”  
“ When I arrive safely at home,”  
“ You need not fear your money come.” [\*]

(But Sir, please to let me go on)

- “ Said I upon a second thought,”  
“ If these be to a dye-house brought,”  
“ One may be of but little use,”  
“ The other wonders may produce ;”  
“ Like the sage chymistry of old,”  
“ Which turn’d all things into gold ;”  
“ Therefore I did conclude it best,”  
“ To bring the gold, let t’other rest.”  
“ My hands direct to pocket went,”  
“ Thinking I now shall give content.”  
“ Each hand a parcel doth embrace,”  
“ Indignant frowns still on his face.”  
“ Where is it, with insulting frown,  
“ As if ’twere sent to strike me down : [†]

The parcels now being in hand,  
Presenting them I bowing stand !  
Look’d up for smile, when lo ! I saw  
The visage of angry Bashaw ;

Who

---

[\*] The chearful smile upon my face,  
Bespoke the money in its place.

---

[†] Here such thoughts as these occurred, please to go with me to the place I speak of, and if Mr. F. be present to see that I deliver what I received, you shall there receive the same.

But I determined that this disingenuous and Nabal-like behaviour should not provoke me to turn a signal favour into a dis-favour, or forget that I was a man and a christian : therefore I instantly brought up my hands out of my pockets, with the parcels, and delivered them.

Who snatch'd them, and went off alas !  
 Withotit a nod, or kifs my —

One sensible of what was true,  
 Said, Sir, we are obliged to you :  
 He offer'd me a glafs of wine,  
 Which, as of old I did decline :

But he held not out to the end,  
 Nor acted like neighbour or friend :  
 The obligation soon forgot,  
 Next time he saw me, knew me not !

And this you know dread mighty Lords  
 Is the true state, and near the words ;  
 As once I did love and revere you,  
 So now how do I dread and fear you !

One brother with the treasure gone,  
 I staid until I thought it long,  
 Imaginering perhaps he might  
 Return, and say I find all right :

But when I found in vain to stay,  
 I moved off and went my way :  
 And as I went, said, sure 'tis odd,  
 What not one word, nor yet a nod !

Indeed I wot not 'twas my place,  
 Upon my knees to crave his grace ;  
 Presenting gold before I spoke,  
 Or might presume to crack a joke ;

Nor thought I once to chill their ears,  
 With my complex pain, care and fears,  
 All brought upon me by their pelf,  
 Satyr still pointing out at poor self ;

Till these segatious pon'drous elves,  
 Turn'd the point upon themselves ;  
 Opening spacious fertile fields,  
 Severest ridicule to yield.

Till



## S E C T. VIII.

**S**URE, had it been some noble peer,  
 To said some things, no cause of fear;  
 Or doubt but he might condescend  
 To have heard out unto the end;

Perhaps it might have made him smile,  
 But not of reason quite beguile;  
 Then finding of his treasure true,  
 Said, Friend, I am oblig'd to you.

Here, Butler, make this honest man  
 A pleasing welcome as you can;  
 Not huntsman see be it your care  
 To whip that dog, and do not spare.

This must be thought a strange reward  
 For such unmerited regard,  
 And quite below a man of sense,  
 To make unmanly recompence  
 For service in an exigence!

## S E C T. IX.

**N**EXT time I saw them was the race,  
 And at my Lords I gave them place,  
 Which they receiv'd with an ill grace!

I saw these two gentlemen at the race follow-  
 ing. I had taken a friend into a booth to treat  
 him. We were seated in a convenient place, when  
 seeing those very gentlemen in another part of the  
 booth, looking about for a place to sit down, I  
 stood up, and calling them by name, said, We can  
 make you room here, gentlemen.

They came to the place, saw me and my friend  
 both remove out of our places, taking our liquor  
 with

with us, to a more incommodious place under the  
slope of the tent; they sat down in our very places,  
and looking round, saluted every one by name on  
both sides of themselves and both sides me; and  
in return for respectful salutation from me to  
them, they cast a most contemptuous eye at me,  
as a dog who had bitten them by the shins! \*

This I observed with calm indifference.—

Since this, when in the street I meet them,  
And most respectfully have greet them,  
They turn a supercilious ear,  
Look scornful, and seem not to hear.

But if they look ever so chuff,  
Methinks I can speak loud enough,  
Both to be heard and understood,  
If I shall ever think it good:

For I want neither tongue nor voice  
To make me heard when 'tis my choice,  
As greater men than those have found,  
And sneakingly have quit the ground.

For men of e'er such magnitude  
Cannot maintain ingratitude,  
Or shew it forth in pleasing light,  
Unless to their own partial fight.

When I such various hazards run,  
By which I might have been undone;  
What do I meet? Civil respect?  
No; foul insult, beyond neglect!

#### S E C T. X.

**S**HOULD friendly dog meet such disdain,  
For faithful service, care, and pain;

\* This shewed no rancour in Marcus; what doth it exhibit on the part of these gentlemen?

And



And add to this, if it be clear,  
Each holds his course from year to year :

Will a wise man this truth deny,  
Canis best shews humanity ?  
These Gentlemen ! O fie ! O fie !

I for their father, long before,  
Such favours had done o'er and o'er ;  
For money and for orders too,  
My name and person he well knew.

The first of all, for aught I know,  
Was nearly forty years ago :  
One hundred pounds to him I took ;  
How very different did he look !

He doth not frown nor pout like those,  
Nor do I stink under his nose ;  
Pleasing good sense, chearful good nature  
Dwell on his tongue and every feature :

Invited me with him to dine,  
Offers me brandy, punch, or wine ;  
Both this and that I did decline :  
Nor did I ever bite or sip,  
Or at his cost once wet my lip.

Were favours done of any sort,  
I never made men pay dear for't ;  
Tho' it were done for great or small,  
Gratuity seek none at all.

Debtor nor creditor I knew,  
Yet was to each a friend most true ;  
When I knew neither one or other,  
Acted by both as if a brother.

The money also was my own,  
And this to him was fully known ;  
I thought it well became a man,  
Do good to all where-e'er we can.

Whate'er is wrong, this must be right,  
And pleasing in Wise Being's fight,  
Yielding an upright mind delight.

## S E C T. XI.

**P**RAY, Gentlemen, can you not see  
Some obligation unto to me?  
I wish you would be pleas'd to shew  
Those I live under unto you;

And you yourselves state the account,  
That all may see the fair amount;  
Then ev'ry single honest eye  
May see where doth the balance lie.

At present I can't guess your aim,  
Nor see on what you found your claim;  
Unless some favours in possession  
Give title to a long succession:

Without paying the least regard,  
Save scornful insult, strange reward!  
I have known some as great as wise  
Kind sage remonstrance to despise,  
And mean resentment, not disguise!

But where this is the case, do not such  
Cast greater indignity upon themselves,  
Than upon their faithful cordial friends,  
Whom they intend hereby to insult?—

Where men can face to do such things,  
If peasants, tradesmen, courtiers, kings,  
Do not such act quite out of place,  
And sage humanity disgrace?

Humane, generous, brave good actions,  
Are they not the same in all men?  
Doing honour to the lowest peasant,  
As well as to the greatest prince?

Then



Then those, who act a contrary part,  
Do they not dishonour themselves,  
And debase the human nature?  
What can reflect greater dishonour  
Upon the human nature,  
Than an ungracious, ungrateful  
Disposition of mind? —

Ceremonious I never did pretend to be,  
But manners, this has been my study  
To know—and care to practise,  
Ever since I acquired the use  
Of my rational faculties. —

Pray, Gentlemen, hath not my conduct, regard-  
ing your father and yourselves, for about forty  
years past, been invariably an exhibition of the  
essence of manners? —

If it hath not, point to me an instance of de-  
viation, and you will oblige me much;

Then I shall readily proclaim,  
Not you, but I have been to blame.  
But acting right, alas, I find  
Stands for too little with mankind!

If I for this appeal to you,  
Shall candor say it is not true?

I shall presume to put a query or two, and then  
have done.

Query 1. Had you brought me the like sum  
of money, or any thing else, as far and at like  
risque, and suffered as much from it by the way,  
yet at last brought it safe home to me, would you  
not have thought that you justly deserved very  
different

different treatment to that which you afforded me?

Query 2. Upon what rational principles do you expect favours of any sort from me, which you can think yourselves exempted from, and not mutually obliged to confer upon me?

Leicester, Nov. 5,  
1772.

Adieu,  
P. F.  
alias  
MARCUS SINCERUS.



## POSTSCRIPT.

SOME have, when rais'd to high degree,  
Made it their sport to injure me;  
Viewing dear self, thus set on high,  
Braved me with glaring falsity,  
Presuming on their dignity. }

But when such come within my ken,  
I reach them with my tongue or pen,  
And truth I chuse to let them hear,  
As void of rancour as of fear.

When I say aught that seemeth keen, }

It comes not with malicious spleen,  
But that their failings may be seen.  
Not to the world, but to the man,  
Who shuns himself others to scan.

Of such, alas! 'tis very true,  
Are to be found more than a few!  
A wise man may chance to neglect  
For a short time to retrospect;

But



But point out where he went astray,  
 He soon returns to the right way;  
 Loses no time to do what's right,  
 Adds not self-will to over-sight,  
 Seeks not by base chicanery  
 To screen disingenuity;  
 He knows true wisdom stands in this,  
 To rectify what is amiss:  
 But when perverse and stubborn rule  
 Will not be drawn to any rule,  
 Should he then longer be neglected,  
 Or in due manner be corrected?

## GENTLEMEN,

**I** HAVING thoughts of leaving this place in few days, would willingly come to ecclaircissement with all people where hath been misunderstanding, which hath fallen out between us; but upon what occasion, lieth upon you to shew, as the first indication thereof began on your side, and for what reason I am utterly at loss to account.

I had generously and freely done you signal service, without the least expectance of recompence or interest, and very far from ever actually or intentionally injuring you in person, property, or good name. Why then I should meet with such imperious airs of scorn, and indignant contempt, as I have experienced for some years past,—this is vastly paradoxical to me! And I should be glad you would please to unfold this mystery to me, and inform me what you can apprehend I have done that can justify such treatment.

Your

Your silence here I shall take for manifestation, that be this sort of conduct justifiable or not, you are determined not to depart therefrom.

I am your humble servant,

Red-Crofs street,

Sep. 24, 1773.

P. F.

alias M. S.

P. S. I have always thought that wise and upright men acted with honour,—open and free, and ready to render a reason for their conduct.

[illegible]

# A P P E N D I X.

THE treatment I have met with leads me to consider the conduct of David and Nabal regarding each other; and I can't help thinking their deportment regarding each other, in some instances, similar to that of Marcus and two Gentlemen, with whom he has had some small connections, which occasioned the writing the preceding letters.

David sends Nabal a respectful message, at a time when he kept a feast like that of a prince; intimating to him, that he (David) had befriended him, in that he had been as a wall of defence to his substance in the wilderness, requesting that, at this time of festivity and happiness, he might partake of his bounteous liberality, and rejoice with him.

In return for this respectful address, and for the protection his servants and flocks had received,  
Nabal



Nabal rudely sends him an insulting refusal, and reflects upon his conduct in an instance, where the history seems rather to justify than censure.

This David highly resents, and rashly determines upon taking a most severe and rigorous revenge; not only upon Nabal, but many innocents also: for he voweth the death of all the males belonging to Nabal's vast possessions.

David commands six hundred men to gird every man his sword upon his thigh, and attend him, to execute this his rash and bloody purpose!

Abigail, Nabal's wife, is informed hereof by one of her servants, who justly observes her master is such a son of Belial, that a man cannot speak to him. This wise woman manifests, that she had more good sense and prudence than both these great, self-sufficient men, put together. She hastes, and prepares a present vastly great and valuable; loses no time to give David the meeting; who had said, "Surely in vain have I kept all that this fellow hath in the wilderness, so that nothing was missed, &c. —" And David said to Abigail — "For in very deed, as the Lord God of Israel liveth — except thou hadst hastened to come and meet me, surely there had not been left unto Nabal, by the morning light, any that pisseth against the wall."

But Abigail's engaging address, and the obliging manner in which she intreats his gracious acceptance of the presents she humbly offers at his feet — She hereby appeaseth his wrath, and saveth the life of her churlish husband, and all that appertained to him. — How much evil the timely interposition of wisdom and prudence sometimes prevents!

Abigail's prudence restrained her from saying  
D any

any thing to Nabal while his spirits were agitated with the fumes of riotous debauch ; but when that was gone off, she (like herself) laid before him what had well nigh been the fatal consequence of his rude, unguarded, ungrateful behaviour to his friend and benefactor.

The conviction of his mind operated so strongly upon him on these alarming considerations, that his heart became as a stone, lifeless within him.

This manifested sense of shame ;

He knew that he had been to blame :

This seems to shew remains of grace,

Tho' drunken pride doth it disgrace.

But some hold on from year to year,

As void of wisdom as of fear ;

And manifest this truth, alas !

More rustic churls than Nabal was.

'Tis worthy of remark, that when men are blessed with riches, and other advantageous circumstances concur, what blessings they may be to all about them, if they apply their minds to wisdom, to doing good,---doing what is right and fit.

But if instead hereof they forget God, themselves, and their neighbours,---and value themselves greatly upon what adds not the least to their real personal worth or excellence ; how soon and how easily are they puffed up with pride and vanity, till they become true Nabals ; unprofitable sons of Belial ; often proving a plague and a curse, where they might and ought to have been a blessing, even to their very friends !

This had like to have been indeed most emphatically the case with this Carmelite ; and many inno-



innocents, who perhaps might before this have suffered from his wretched depraved disposition of mind; but here the ill consequences fell all upon himself.

Doth not David here seem too full of himself? and to set too high a value upon the advantage Nabal might have had from the vicinity of their neighbourhood? He seems to think that his claim was so great and so just upon Nabal, that upon receiving a rude and ungracious answer to his request, he might kill and destroy all before him, the innocent as well as the offending; even all the males belonging to Nabal's vast domain!

Was not David's conduct here very exceptionable?

Having thus far considered David and Nabal, in regard to their conduct towards each other, turn we now to Marcus and his two churlish unneighbourly neighbours, and animadvert a little upon their deportment regarding each other.

Marcus, according to the natural inclination and determinate bent of his mind to do good, when and wheresoever opportunity offered, had repeatedly done their father kind and friendly offices, without ever accepting the least gratuity of any sort whatsoever; nor had he any other connections with him while he lived.

On the same principles and views, Marcus undertakes to bring two small parcels in his pocket from Nottingham to Leicester, at a time when he walked it on foot, (this, instead of heightening, doubtless lessened the obligation); when he received them, he was told they contained two hundred pounds in cash, wanted upon an emergency that would not admit of delay.

They proved troublesome company; however, at last, with pain, difficulty, prolonging of time, increasing expence, and risking life as well as health, he arrived safe at home with it in his possession; and with great pleasure, in high spirits, hastes to deliver up his trust, considering it as so much cash for use of trade, not as a sacred depositum or treasure, which did him great honour to have it in his hands.

Nor doth he apprehend it was either his duty, or expected of him, to deliver it up to those gentlemen, with that profound, awful, and reverential prostration of body, that is expected at the Sublime Porte from a slave that is permitted to present something to the Grand Signior. Marcus imagined it might not be deemed criminous to be somewhat sportive with the gold, as well as with himself in their presence; and this too, for some few seconds, after one had, by his austere and forbidding look, signified his disapprobation thereof.

This crime poor Marcus inadvertently (not designedly) fell into, and which these inexorable great men seem determined nothing shall ever make atonement for!

The declared urgency of the occasion urged on Marcus to use his utmost exertions in defiance of all discouragements, to prevent any inconvenience from accruing by delay: And all that he received he preserved and speedily delivered into their own hands, at their own house; nor did he ever apply to them for a favour, wish for, or receive the least gratuity of them. Indeed the strange disobliging manner, in which they received it at his hands, did very much surprise him at first. But he very candidly thus accounted for it.

Perhaps



Perhaps somewhat might have put him out of temper, and his impatience to see the gold increased the disorder to that degree, he could not, for a few seconds, bear the unpleasing delay, without shewing such unbecoming imperious airs, as if he was in reality the absolute lord and master of Marcus, and he was their slave! but the thought of this their indecorum was with him as fleeting and momentary as was the occasion.

And this was manifest by the civil, respectful, and obliging manner of his behaviour to them whenever they meet for some time after; yet their rude and churlish deportment towards him changed not.

Wise Abigail, might she bear sway  
Now, as it was in antient day;  
Marcus such treatment need not fear,  
Her prudent eyes must see more clear:  
For 'tis good lot of Nabal's still  
To have wise Abigail at will. —

For years Marcus bears such dissimulation, without any resentment or complaint, save to themselves: this he thought the manly and the Christian part.

It still availeth not, no change of conduct! nor can be drawn to such condescension as to shew cause,—or come to any eclaireissement.

Do not these quite exceed Nabal of old?  
Let persons of impartiality and candor say.

If the law of God and of nature prompts and excites us with pleasure to embrace opportunities  
of

of doing good, to beings capable of receiving any additional good or happiness by our means:--Pray, what exempteth one more than another from compliance with the most rational and universal law of nature? But to invert the strongest and most obligatory of all laws, that of gratitude! To return evil for good; —contempt and insult for utmost exertions in doing good.

How striking is the consideration!

Is not the law of gratitude most strong,

And universally binding?

Which bindeth men to God,

As well as to one another?

The brute part of God's creation

Feel the force of this his law.

What then? Shall weak aspiring man

Be so elate as to forget?

I thought to have said no more, but my regard for these gentlemen, as well as for myself, prompts me to say a few words.

Am I so mean as to be worthy of nothing but scorn and contempt? What makes me thus mean? Is it actions that would do a great man honour? Am I so poor as to deserve scorn from the rich? What makes me poor, unless it has sometimes been too great a readiness to serve the rich without gratuity, as well as liberally relieving the necessities of the distressed, and often such as were unable to help themselves; therefore worthy objects of compassion.

If an honest, indefatigable application to business, careful to have it well done, with pleasure paying all well who did any thing well for me; delight-



delighting in doing good when opportunity offered, especially to such as were in distress not of their own procuring; not lavish, but rather sparing in expences on self. If these shew a character worthy of contempt and ill will, then I do confess I have truly deserved both. But I always thought that little, low-lived, selfish, unworthy, mean actions, made men truly mean fellows, whosoever were their ancestors, or whatsoever was their fortune or station in life.

I could say some keen, and perhaps galling things, but my intent is not to irritate, but draw from you a justification of yourselves, or an opportunity for me to justify myself, or fall under just censure. Shew what I have done that should render me so obnoxious to punishment, where I thought I had a just claim to candid good will.

Pray, is not your behaviour towards me a tacit charge, or declaration, that I am such an incorrigible villain, as incapable of reclaiming? therefore unworthy of all regard, even of common justice? Pray, Gentlemen, shew so much regard to your own honour, as to make manifest, that I am really what your conduct seems to hold me forth for. Shew on what account you entertain such dishonourable and unworthy sentiments of me; produce your charge, and by what authority or evidence it is supported: if it be foreign, out of yourselves, as hear-say, you may have been abused; but if what I complain of ariseth from any thing that ever happened between your father, or yourselves and me, your conduct I think altogether inexcusable.

A D I E U.

Let him in doing good when opportunity offers, especially to such as were in distress not of their own procuring; not having, by their former in exposure on this point, they have a character worthy of commendation and ill repute. I do confess I have only a few words to say in regard to that whole low-lived, dishonest, and unprincipled actions, made men truly mean fellows, who never were their ancestors, or whatsoever was their former or former in life.

[illegible]



